Yet God before, we will come on,
If *France* and such another neighbor stood in our way;
If we may passe, we will; if we be hindered,
We shal your tawny grouud with your red blood discolour
So *Montioy* get you gone, there's for your paines:
The sum of all our answere is but this,
We would not seeke a battle as we are;
Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it.

Herald. I shall deliuer so: thanks to your Maiesty.

Glost. My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

King. We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs;
To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,
And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exit.*

Enter Burbon, Constable, Orleance, and Gebon.

Con. Tut, I haue the best armour in the world.

Orleance. You haue an excellent armour,
But let my horse haue his due.

Bur. Now you talke of a horse,
I haue a steed like the Palfrey of the sunne,
Nothing but pure aire and fire,
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.

Orleance. He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Bur. And of the heate of the Ginger.
Turne all the sands into eloquent tongues,
And my horse is argument for them all:
I once writ a Sonnet in the praise of my horse,
And began thus, Wonder of nature.

Con. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so,
In the praise of ones Mistresse.

Bur. Why then did they imitate
That which I writ in praise of my horse,
For my horse is my Mistresse.

Con. Ma foy the other day, me-thought
Your Mistresse shooke you shrewdly.

Bur.